



Library of the Theological Seminary.

PRINCETON, N. J.

*Grew Fund*

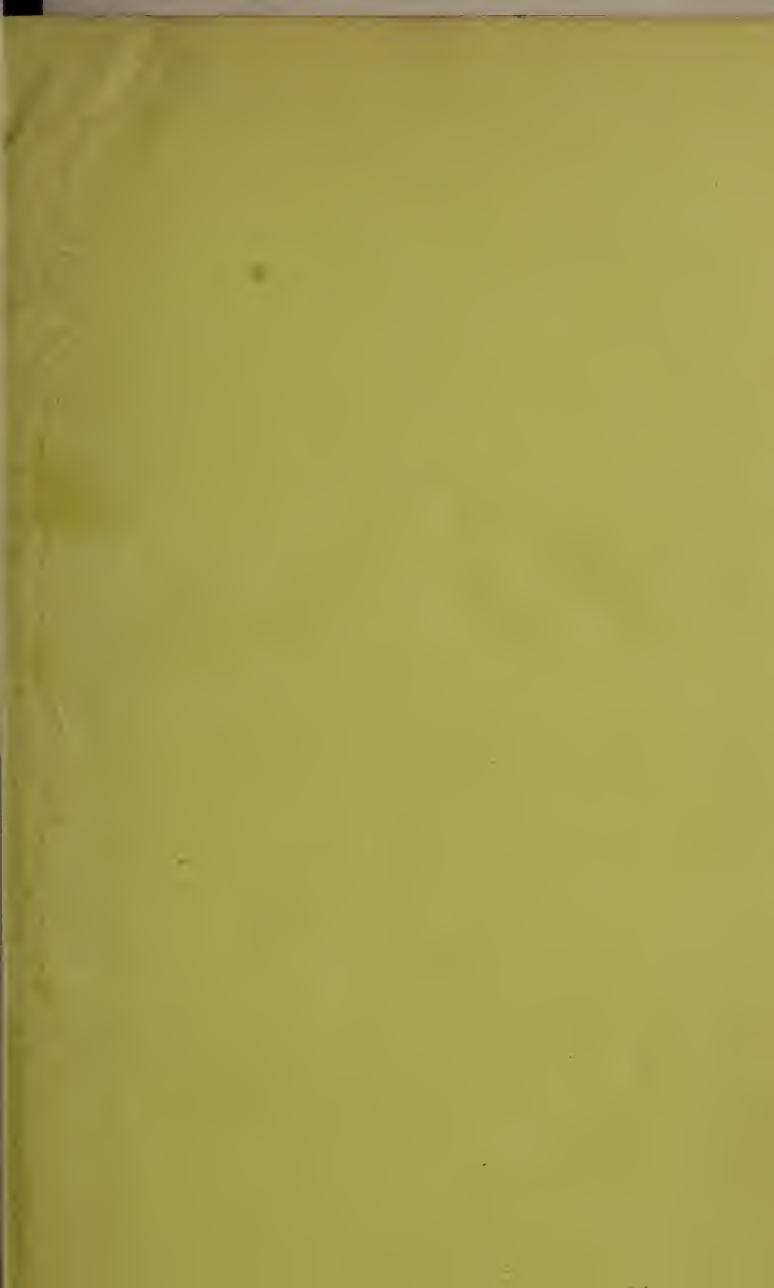
Division.....~~X~~.....I.....

Section.....~~A~~.....7.....

Shelf.....

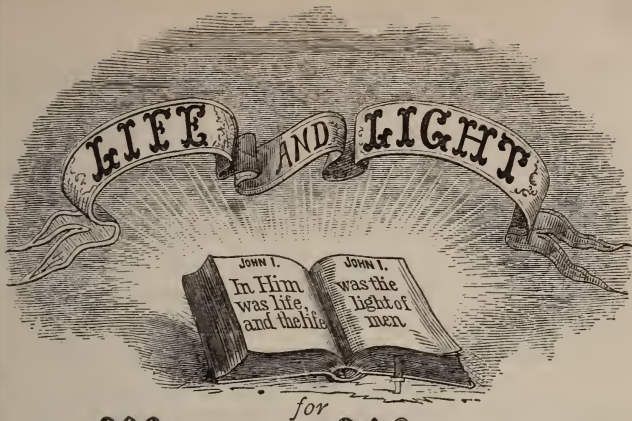
Number.....

6/25/78





Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2015



for  
Mather Women.

---

VOL. II.

DECEMBER, 1871.

No. 4.

---

INDIA.

LEAVES FROM A MISSIONARY'S JOURNAL.

NUMBER SIX.

*June 2, 1871.*—It is not in religious matters only that these people have to do violence to their fears and customs, if they would listen to us ; but, in such simple matters as the taking of medicine, it is sometimes impossible for them to break away from old habits and superstitions. Even when half convinced that it would be safer to trust us, some fear of possible evil conquers them.

This morning a woman whom we call “the rice-woman,” because she sells rice to us, came to me, and seemed to be in great anxiety about her daughter, who had been ill twenty days, and who appeared to be dropsical. Three months previously, this mother herself had been very ill of fever, and, finding

native treatment of no avail, had finally sent for me, and felt that she owed her recovery to my care. She begged me to come and see her daughter, saying much about the misfortune of my absence from town during the last month : to which I gave little heed.

I must just add here, that a Brahmin this morning, having exhausted himself in smooth phrases of joy at our return, crowned the whole by saying, that such were the blessed influences emanating from us, that, even in our absence, the entire town remained in prosperity by virtue of all our past works of merit. And yet, not six months ago, I met this very man carrying a tray of garlands and fruits to the Pagoda, with a group of those soulless yellow-cloth priests about him, and he did not deign to give me a greeting, although his embarrassment betrayed his consciousness of my demands on his politeness.

Although it threatened rain, I made my way to the rice-woman's house. Her daughter was ill and uncomfortable enough, but not in so much danger as I had supposed from the mother's report. After hearing an account of her troubles, I said to the mother, —

“What shall be done?”

“What shall be done!” she replied. “After I came from your bungalow, I called on a Brahmin doctor; and he said he must go to the jungle, and dig up six kinds of roots, and grind them up, and put one kind of pill with the powder, and boil all together; and then, while she is taking this medicine, she must not have any tamarind in her curry, nor any tobacco. He said he must have two rupees before he would do any thing, and so I gave them to him; and now she must take the medicine; must she not?”

“Oh!” said the sick woman, “how I begged my mother to wait until you had come! for I wanted you; but she wouldn't.”

“Cannot you give medicine too?” asked the mother.

“No, indeed,” was the reply.

“Well, then,” she pleaded, “let us have the blessing of your faith.”

“What?” said I, laughing, “put my faith with that Brahmin’s works, — his two rupees, six roots, one pill, and all! I rather think my faith and my works must go together.”

There was a frowzy-headed old woman, who had been crouching in one corner, who now rose with great majesty, and straightened herself before me with the proposition, —

“Send for a soothsayer. That’s my advice.”

These soothsayers are men who sit wisely on the ground, and, beating at intervals their dingy little drums, pretend to foretell future events, and are consulted on all such occasions as marriages, sicknesses, or journeys. My indignation may have withered this woman, for I exclaimed against such an outrage upon Him in whose hands are life and death. My school-girls have been in the habit of visiting this family, and the mother was not ignorant of the true God and his mighty attributes; so she turned somewhat soothingly to the old crone, and said, —

“She cannot endure the soothsaying men. She thinks nobody but her Swamy knows whether we are going to live or die.” And then, turning to me, she continued, “I do not want these men: I have been trying to pray as you do, and I have knelt down and asked the great Swamy to heal my daughter.”

“So have I,” said the poor sufferer. “I have knelt down in that corner.”

She begged me to send her a cot to lie upon, that she might not be so annoyed by the ants. It was pitiful to see the lack of good nursing. It is always a joy to tell the story of the woman who touched the hem of the Saviour’s garment. My women think it is the most popular story that they tell. My only office seemed to be to tell of the Great Physician, and I came away.



## CHINA.

## LETTER FROM MISS PAYSON.

MISS PAYSON, from Foochow, thus writes of one of the great difficulties in the way of leading the Chinese women to embrace the Christian religion : —

“HUNG SÜK.”

“I fear it will be long before any of the small-footed class become willing to go out as Bible-readers, the customs of the country are so opposed to their being seen in the streets. The helpers’ wives rarely attend religious service, if it requires a walk of much length. Old women occasionally venture out of their houses, and hobble along with their small feet by the help of a large staff, or leaning on an attendant; but the younger women seldom appear in public. I am not surprised that they dislike to go out; for the language heard in these streets is most vile, and their condition is any thing but inviting to a person at all fastidious.

“Among the first of the few women who united with the church here was the matron connected with my school, a widow about fifty years old. She was converted while a servant in a missionary family, seems very sincere, and is my chief dependence in the weekly prayer-meetings. She still retains, however, a wholesome reverence for the ‘hung sük,’ or customs of the country. Not long since, in calling with her on a family living only a few steps from the church, I gave the mother and daughter-in-law a cordial invitation to attend the service on the next sabbath. They made an evasive reply, as the women here invariably do when thus invited; but the school-matron directed my attention at once to their feet, wound up in dingy white bandages, and pinched into three-inch shoes, and said



apologizingly, 'They have small feet: it is not the "hung sük" for them to go into the street.' 'Alas!' thought I, 'if this bugbear of custom prevents those who are under the very droppings of the sanctuary from attending church, what can we expect from those living farther away?'

#### FIRE-CRACKER MAKERS.

"These women to whom I have just referred were busily occupied during my call in making fire-crackers, and could hardly stop work long enough to satisfy their curiosity with regard to my dress and appearance. They wound the strips of coarse brown paper forming the body of the fire-cracker about a bit of wood like a match, pasted the ends together, and, having inwrapped the brown paper in a gay suit of red, they put it up to dry, forming circular rows, till a thousand were placed there ready for the shopman. Each woman could make a thousand in one day, she said, and received in return only twenty cash, somewhat less than two cents.

"Their house was untidy, as all Chinese houses are, their furniture scanty and cheap, and their clothing very common; yet they were fine ladies in their own and their neighbors' estimation, because they had genteel little feet, and wore red embroidered shoes, like the wives of the mandarins. I fear that the small feet which prevent these women, and hundreds and thousands like them, from entering the doors of our chapel, will debar them at last from entering the doors of heaven. God grant that they may see their danger before it be too late!

#### HOME SCENES.

"Last week a woman very well dressed, wearing artificial flowers in her hair, and elegant, small red shoes on her feet, being in ill-health, came to see the doctor, who lives next door, and gave me a call. At her departure she invited me to return

her visit; and so yesterday I went to see her, thinking, perhaps, she was of a somewhat superior class to that of our usual acquaintances here. The school-matron accompanied me; and, when we reached my new friend's house, she received me in small shoes, to be sure, but in garments so faded and ragged, that I should have taken her for a beggar-woman, rather than for the fine lady who visited me. I knew at once that she had hired the red embroidered petticoat and the other gay clothes, as is commonly done here, in which to visit the doctor, while she dressed in rags at home. And such a home! The earth composing the floor was so moist as to be unpleasant to tread on; and pots, dishes, pails, and utensils of all sorts, were everywhere. I was about to seat myself on the first bench that seemed clean enough, when my hostess invited me to ascend to the second story. I did so, by means of a crazy ladder, and found myself in the lady's bedroom. It was of small dimensions, with but little furniture aside from a shrine, — such as is seen in every house, — in which an idol stands, and before which offerings of flowers or incense are arranged.

“An old woman, with a pleasant face, and a young girl about twelve years old, were sitting in the room; and both were interested in the pictures we had brought with us, representing scenes in the life of Christ. The old woman was eighty-four, and seemed never to have heard of her Saviour. We talked considerably with her; but my evil heart of unbelief was continually saying, ‘It is of no use: she is too old now to believe.’ A boy of eighteen years or more, whose whole dress consisted of a pair of trousers rolled up to the knees, — no shirt, of course, — followed his mother into the bedroom, and was presented to me as the future husband of the young girl. She had been purchased and adopted into the family years before, no doubt, her feet bound, and every thing done to render her worthy of the young gentleman she was to wed.

“Her future mother-in-law inquired if I would take her into my

school; to which I answered that all my scholars had unbound feet, and, if she chose to unbind hers, I should be happy to receive her. The woman only laughed in reply, and proceeded to show me the tatters in her garments, and to ask if I had not clothing to give her. I have become quite deaf to this invariable appeal, and make it the signal for my departure.

“I was followed to the door by my hostess, who continued calling out, ‘Maing, maing, kiang,’ — ‘Walk slowly, walk slowly,’ — till I was out of sight. This expression is equivalent to our word, ‘good-by.’”

#### LETTER FROM MRS. CHAPIN.

Mrs. Chapin, writing from Tung Cho, July 24, says, —

“One of the sweetest memories of my visit to America is that of having seen so much of the ‘inner life,’ if I may so speak, of the Woman’s Board. I regard it as one of my richest experiences, the remembrance of which helps and strengthens me every day, and draws me with a new yearning love to the dear young ladies in North China. I made many precious friends while at home, and nearly all of them in connection with the Woman’s Board and its auxiliary meetings. I shall watch with intense interest the progress of the good work, through the pages of ‘Life and Light.’

“I long for appropriate words to express my joy at being permitted once more to stand in my place with a tolerable degree of health and strength. I wish some of the dear ones at home could come into the little prayer-meeting with our Christian women, on Friday afternoon: it would do their hearts good. When Mary Andrews is away, it is a mother’s meeting in every sense of the word: we all have the burden of unconverted children on our hearts. Last Friday a mother of five sons prayed, ‘Lord, take my bad boy; make him good: I cannot.’

“Our new sister from the Chicago band, Miss Chapin, is a

welcome gift. She seems to have been here months instead of weeks. May God lead many such to the Board, with the 'send me,' so pleasant to hear! I trust the rumors that the Chinese Government are trying to stop the labors of all female missionaries here will not prevent the sending of re-enforcements as fast as possible. We go in and out as usual, carrying the word of life; and the enemy rages in vain. Keep the cry constantly before the sisters: souls are going down to death! Hasten, or it will be too late for thousands!"

---

## TURKEY.

### THE MARSOVAN SCHOOL.

MRS. LEONARD, of Marsovan, thus writes of the gratifying results of patient labor in the girls' school in that place:—

"No part of our work has given us more encouragement during the past year than our Girls' Boarding-school. Indeed, this has been a source of great and almost constant joy. When we consider the homes from which the girls come to us, and the influences under which they have been brought up, we must say that their general deportment has been admirable. Their diligence in study, faithfulness in discharging various duties, their love for teachers and each other, their conscientiousness, prayerfulness, and earnest endeavor to teach the truth and lead others to Christ, have afforded us great satisfaction. This has been especially true during the last four months. At the time of our week of prayer, there seemed to be unusual interest and evidence of the presence of the Holy Spirit in the city, particularly in the Girls' School. A very marked and gratifying feature of the work was its effect on the six of our number who were

already professing Christians. Two by two, they made their classmates special subjects of prayer and conversation, praying with them also in private and in little bands. The whole school was moved. In a few instances there was deep conviction of sin, lasting for days and even weeks : others seemed only to 'look and live.'

"We expect to graduate a class of six in the fall, all of whom are members of the church. Seldom does one see girls more attached to a school, and at the same time more anxious to finish their course, that they may go forth to impart to others the blessings they have received. While we have confidence in all, and trust, that, by the grace of God, they will be faithful, there are some really choice spirits among them, who, by superior intellectual and moral traits, and their wisdom and tact in laboring for souls, have especially won our love, and whom we trust the Lord will yet more abundantly qualify to be instruments of great good.

"Two classes only have graduated from the school since its commencement. The first consisted of five girls, all but one hopefully pious ; of these, one has since been engaged in teaching an advanced school for girls in Cesarea, another in Sivas, and a third in Yocat. One was the wife of a preacher, of whose death we have recently heard.

"The second class finished the course last fall ; of these, two were Christians when they entered, and all the others, with one exception, became such while with us. We continue to hear most cheering reports from them, and have abundant testimony of their faithfulness and usefulness. Two are teaching in Baghchejeck, their native city : another, a blind girl, is doing a vast amount of good in going from house to house, and laboring for the spiritual welfare of her less enlightened sisters ; a fourth is teaching in Talas, a fifth in Gemerek, out-stations of Cesarea ; and still another is pursuing a similar labor of love in Sivas. One of the most promising was married to a graduate of our



Theological School, and is doing an excellent work in Yocat, — the place where the sainted Henry Martyn died and was buried. Two are employed in Marsovan, one as assistant teacher in our boarding-school, and another as a teacher of small girls. Surely, we have reason to thank God, and take courage at such a result ; and will not our friends at home feel stimulated to share with us in the blessed privilege of carrying forward this glorious work ? ”

#### A TELLING EXTRACT.

We take pleasure in adding an indorsement of the school, taken from the annual report of the mission, written by Rev. John F. Smith. After speaking in the highest terms of the appearance of the pupils, he says, —

“ As is well known, the school is conducted with the greatest economy ; the scholars doing all their own work, under the constant supervision of the teachers. Thus they not only acquire knowledge, and discipline of mind and heart, but become fitted to have charge of domestic affairs, and to preside over well-ordered homes.

“ It costs but thirty-five dollars a year to support one of these girls, and but double that sum to sustain a teacher for the same time. How many women there are in our own dear native land, even among those who call themselves by the name of the self-denying Saviour, who yearly spend more than that amount for unnecessary dress ! And how many more, who, if they would but imitate the example of Him who was rich, yet for our sakes became poor, might still spare as much for this blessed work. Then might they lay up treasures in heaven with their wealth, and be the means of clothing immortal souls with the garments of beauty and holiness forever.”

#### ANNA THE BIBLE-WOMAN.

We give below, from the pen of Mrs. Wheeler of Harpoot, a specimen of the work of the Bible-women in our mission stations : —

“ I have just returned from the other side of the city, where I have been to look after the work of your Bible-woman, Anna; and I would like to go there again with you in imagination.

“ We have mounted our mules, passed through the muddy streets, and here we are at Anna’s house, ‘your Anna’s home.’ Sultan, the invalid daughter, is on one side of the lussee, — a low table with a vessel of coals under it, and a large quilt thrown over to keep in the heat. Anna gives us a seat at the upper end, and invites us to lift the quilt and warm our feet beneath it: as we do so, there arises a strong odor of incense, which, I suppose, has been thrown in as a special honor to us. When we are seated, all give the salutation, ‘ You come in peace,’ or ‘ Welcome.’

“ After a few inquiries, we begin to examine those who have come in. Yegheser (Lizzie) is reading in Matthew, and does quite well, although Anna says she is not very diligent. Bazzeeg shows good progress in her lessons in Mark. Hanum reads in Luke about the miraculous draught of fishes, and seems to have made the greatest advance of any. Tasheeg is about half through the primer, and appears interested, although her improvement is slow. Aslooban is studying Acts and Psalms, but is sick at home. These come to Anna for lessons; but none of them will attend the Protestant service in that part of the city, except Aslooban; and we hope she is a Christian. Besides these, Anna teaches twelve others, who come to her house, although they will not receive me to their homes, lest they should be called ‘ Prots.’ But your Bible-woman can reach them; and, if God’s word can enter, the light will follow, and in the end they will be convinced.

“ Anna has not been able to devote all her time to this work; for, early in the winter, her only daughter was taken sick, and is still an invalid. We had intended to pay Anna sixty piastres a month; but I think we shall now allow her only forty or fifty. We feel that she has not given the time required for the whole



salary, and she has not sent in her monthly report. We do not blame her : on the contrary, we are pleased with her work, and the spirit she manifests. Her first duty is to her sick daughter, who is a lovely Christian girl, and longs to work for Christ.

“ You may ask, ‘ Why do you not give to Anna the whole sum, as her daughter is sick ? ’ We are very careful how we spend money for Christ’s work. When we receive funds for a Bible-woman, we cannot bestow them on the poor because we pity them : what we dispense in charity comes from our own salaries, and we try to have it understood that we do not obtain it from the Board. Kind friends have sent means for this purpose to young missionaries, and sometimes more harm than good has come from it.

“ Then, too, we have to be cautious so to use money as not to corrupt those who receive it. Some of our sorest trials arise from this source ; and, the longer we are in the missionary work, the more do we feel that we need wisdom from above.”

## THE HOME AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

BY MRS. N. G. CLARK.

The Home in Constantinople, for which the past three years we have been praying and planning, is at last opened under the care of a lady eminently fitted for such a position. She is a teacher of large experience and high reputation, called, we believe, by the Lord of the harvest, and answering, “ Here am I ; send me,” just when our hearts were failing because those already called did not respond. This lady, Miss Rappleye, from Oakland, Cal., was with us at our Brooklyn meeting, October, 1870, and immediately afterwards sailed for her Eastern home. Having spent nearly a year in studying Armenian, and in preparation for her work, she is this very week, Oct. 4, commencing her school for the girls of Constantinople. We doubt not it is with fervent prayers, and with hopes, fears, and anxie-

ties which we can hardly understand. Let us not fail to mingle our prayers with hers, that the Lord will send her pupils chosen by himself for a good work among their own people, and will enable her to win their hearts and lead them to Jesus. Dear Christian sisters, she depends upon us thus to sustain her hands. She feels that we shall pray for her : let her never be disappointed.

This school is to be a seminary of high order, open to pupils of all nationalities. It is to be chiefly for day-scholars, with a course of instruction extending through three or four years. A moderate tuition is to be required, with additional charges for ornamental branches and modern languages. Do you ask, what need of such a school in Constantinople? The people have shown their sense of the need, and already there are two large schools of this character under the care of educated Armenians, in every way made attractive, and filled with pupils. I said "schools of this character;" but in the inculcation of pure religious truth, the most important element of instruction, they are deficient. In our school, Christian culture will be the first and highest object; and we must offer the best educational advantages the city affords, or parents of Armenian faith will prefer Armenian schools. Miss Rappleye has the assistance of native teachers competent to give instruction in the Armenian, Turkish, and Greek languages.

But the Home is not merely a school: a large, pleasant room on the first floor, looking out upon the court and the sea, is set apart for a dispensary, and presided over by a lady of superior medical education and established reputation in this country. She has left a large and successful practice for the sake of ministering to the spiritual as well as the physical maladies of suffering women in this great Eastern city. Here, in her office-hours, she will receive them, and, while seeking to heal their diseases, will be able to turn their thoughts to the great Physician who will give life and light to their souls. In their homes, too, she

will do the same ; and it is believed that a female physician will find entrance where no missionary could otherwise go, not only to the homes of the poor, but to those of the rich, even to the harems of the haughty Turks. She had been but a few weeks in Constantinople, when she was introduced to one such harem. We feel that her work is of the greatest importance, and promises to open the way for the labors of missionary ladies in many homes whose doors have hitherto been closed. Let us never forget to pray, that, for the sacrifice she has made in leaving her position of honor and usefulness here, she may receive a hundred-fold in the blessings of those that now are ready to perish.

This Home is to be the centre, also, of another department of labor, namely, city missionary work among the homes of the people. A third lady will go hand in hand with the "beloved physician," or will follow in her footsteps, conversing on religious subjects, holding prayer-meetings in different neighborhoods, or superintending Bible-readers. For this department let us pray the Lord of the harvest to send us a laborer of his own choosing. The field is white, and we long to see the ingathering of souls.

Again, dear sisters, let me say, pray for these, and not for these only, but for all the young women who have gone forth alone into this blessed missionary work. Pardon me for a few words in the first person. I have been with some of them since our last annual meeting : I have seen their schools of bright-eyed, affectionate girls, so eager to prove to us that the labors of their teachers were not in vain. I have received visits from Christian sisters, with whom I could not exchange one word, but who came with Testament and hymn-book in hand, proud to show me that they could read and could sing. I have knelt with such in Miss Hattie Powers's prayer-meeting at Antioch, and heard them offer prayers whose earnest tones carried my heart along with theirs, though I knew not their words. I have seen the contrast between their faces and the dull, dejected, listless looks of the

poor creatures trodden down and treated like mere beasts of burden, — taught that they have no minds, almost no souls. I *know* what a blessed work this is ; and I know, too, a little — a very little — of how lonely it is to be so far from home and friends, — how their hearts would fail but for the precious Elder Brother who is ever with them. And I know how they love to think of us and say, “ All these dear sisters at home remember me and pray for me.” Oh ! we must never stop with giving the money : dearer than all to them are our prayers and our sympathy. If you could hear them speak of it as I have heard them, you would never say, “ Of what use is the Woman’s Board ? ” Though we never placed an additional dollar in the treasury of the American Board, yet should we band ourselves together in every church throughout the land to pray for our missionary sisters. You cannot know how it will strengthen their hands and cheer their hearts, till you hear them tell it on the other shore.

---

## AFRICA.

### SEED-SOWING.

BY MRS. ALDIN GROUT.

WE are indebted to Mrs. Grout for the following graphic account of one portion of her work in Africa : —

“ My most successful department of missionary labor has been the training of native girls.

“ At first it was not easy to induce them to live with us ; but when it was ascertained that we could not claim them as our own, we had less difficulty. We made a formal contract with the father ; and, as we told him that we wished his daughter to assist us, he generally demanded for her services, the first year, a heifer ; the next, the animal must be a little larger ; but, when

the people became acquainted with the use of pounds, shillings, and pence, they were remunerated in coin.

“When the little girl of ten or twelve years, usually one whom we had previously selected, was brought to us, whatever ornaments she had about her were taken by her friends, who supposed she would be provided with every thing necessary at her new home. Our first duty was to give her a piece of soap, which she probably had never seen before, and direct her to go to the river near by for a thorough bath. We would then remove some of the thick matted curls with which her head was covered, dress her in a frock sent us by some kind-hearted ladies in America, and she would begin to have quite a cleanly appearance : but her new position gave her an awkward feeling ; and we used to allow her to gaze about her for a day or two, to experiment on opening and shutting the doors, to examine and wonder at her new surroundings, till she became better acquainted. To induce her to stay contentedly, we were obliged to find her a companion ; and then we had two ignorant girls, knowing nothing of civilized life, on whom we must spend much time, teaching them to read and write, as well as to go through their daily routine of work.

“How many times we exclaimed, as we saw their stupidity, wilfulness, and untruthfulness, ‘Can we ever make any thing of them ? Is not our labor in vain ?’ We needed and sought divine strength, to enable us to persevere in our almost hopeless task.

“At length we began to perceive a little waking up and improvement. The garments fitted more naturally, the interest was transferred from them to books and work, and we could discover some ambition to learn the alphabet. When one or two more were added to the household, the first were not backward in expressing their astonishment that any one could be so awkward as the new-comers, having quite forgotten the days of their own ignorance, which we thought had not yet ceased. Days, months, and sometimes years passed before we



noticed any marked interest in religious instruction ; before we saw the silent tear in the eyes fixed on the missionary's countenance, as he spoke of a Saviour. Then we heard the voice of prayer at night, just before retiring to rest. We could not distinguish the words ; but there seemed to be an earnestness, a pleading, such as could not be called forth by the beautiful little prayer which they all learned to repeat, ' Now I lay me down to sleep ; ' and we took courage, feeling that God was faithful who had promised.

" Time rolled on, and it was announced that the father of the eldest girl was anxious that she be married. As she was living with the missionary, she felt that she had a right to exercise some choice in a companion for life, although, according to custom, the father selected the one who would pay for her the greatest number of cattle. We witnessed many struggles in these affairs, but ever found that it was a very delicate matter to interfere. The gospel can usually effect what force fails to accomplish. After all arrangements were made, and we found that the girl had so far prevailed as to induce her father to receive cattle from a young man also living at the station, we cheerfully assisted her in preparing her garments, and in arranging her wedding-feast. They were married in a Christian manner by the missionary, and the young wife left us to occupy the dwelling which her husband had erected. It resembled, as nearly as possible, the house in which she had been living, instead of the usual grass hut, and was furnished with a rude bedstead, a few chairs, a table, and cupboard. The family altar was set up, where a portion of Scripture was read daily, and prayer offered to Him whom they wish to serve. Thus was commenced our Christian village. We were often discouraged, witnessing many defections ; but when we visited in their own homes these girls whom we had trained, and saw how nearly they were trying to do as they had been taught, we felt amply repaid for all the labor and anxiety bestowed upon them.

“Before leaving Africa, I felt desirous of collecting together these my scattered children ; and I conceived the idea of having a tea-party, and inviting as many of them as I could find. Of the twenty, or more, who had lived with me, sixteen were able to be present, — all members of the church, with one exception ; all married women and mothers of families. We had a long table set in the dining-room : I sat at one end, and a missionary friend at the other ; and I placed the women with reference to the time when they came to me. The eldest, sitting near me, was a grandmother ; and the third wished to be excused early, as she was to attend the wedding of her daughter the next morning. They were a goodly company, in their clean calico dresses, with kerchiefs on their heads, looking cheerful and happy. The missionary asked a blessing ; and with perfect propriety they spent the next half-hour in eating and chatting socially together. I took occasion to relate some reminiscences of their first years with me, which they had almost forgotten. After distributing to each one a kerchief, they all came and shook hands as they left, and expressed great satisfaction at their pleasant visit. It was an event much talked of afterward, especially by their husbands, who thought they would be glad of a like entertainment.

### THE IN-GATHERING.

BY MISS M. W. TYLER.

In the March number of “*Light and Life*,” there is a letter from Theresa Makubalo.

I wonder if that letter sounds to you as it does to us, who can remember each word in the expressive Zulu tongue, and understand *all* it means to convey. She says, “We rejoice very much for the learning which we are taught by the teacher whom you sent to us, in this land of darkness great. We thank you for the prayers which you have prayed, and the money you have sent.” And they are glad : they do rejoice that they have such



a dear kind teacher among them. A short time ago, a native man said to me, "We love Mrs. Edwards very much, and know she is our friend. She is true, and we can always trust her, and would be perfectly willing to give our daughters to her to be educated; for we have learned how kindly she treats them, and that they are to her as children." One man told me this, but many others agree with him; and the heathen look on with surprise and admiration, as they mark the improvement in these girls. I have seen the school only once, but quite long enough to receive the most happy impressions.

Two days after the January term of 1871 commenced, I went out to Inanda: as I approached the seminary buildings, I was attracted by the vines on the piazza, which cast a pleasant shade over the windows. The little stable, garden of corn, potato-patch, and young fruit-trees combine to make the grounds pretty and attractive; climbing over the roof of the back piazza, is a luxuriant passion-vine, with its thick dark leaves. The grass-plat is smooth and green, in the centre of which is a little bed of variegated verbenas. Mrs. Edwards met me at the door, and welcomed me to her home. The first article of furniture I noticed in her American-like parlor was the cabinet-organ, a gift of love from a member of your Board, whose heart reaches even to Africa. Mrs. Edwards placed her hand on it, saying, "Play as much as you please: I shall be glad to have it used. See what a beautiful addition it is to my room: I have heard that Miss Day plays and sings, and we shall use the instrument in school if she comes. Those who are good judges tell me that the tone is very fine, and I feel happy to have the organ here."

Tea soon being ready, we went out together. Mrs. Edwards rung her little bell: all the girls came in, and seated themselves at the table. One of them asked a blessing in a low tone, and then two at each table began to assist the rest: one poured out and handed round the water, and the other helped to the Indian-meal pudding, which formed their evening meal. There were

two long tables for the older girls, and a small one for the younger, besides that at which Mrs. Edwards and I sat. I was so interested in listening to the conversation, I could scarcely eat. The girls are allowed to talk as much as they like, so long as they speak only in English: at first their words were few and far between,—cautious and quiet; but now they are very social. After supper, one of the girls gave out a hymn, which all sang; and then she read a chapter from the New Testament, and prayed in her own language. Then all arose: those who had the dishes to clear away went to their work, and the others, one by one, came to us, shook hands, and said clearly, “Good-night.” When they had come and gone, I said to their teacher, “Why, what a task this is, Mrs. Edwards!” Her reply was, “Yes, but I like it: it helps me to feel that I have something homelike.” After this the girls went out on the piazza, and marched round and round, singing to the time of a little harmonica which one of them played, until the bell rang for them to enter their rooms to study. At the appointed hour they retired.

In the evening Mrs. Edwards drew her rocking-chair towards a little stand, and read over the lessons for the next day from the Zulu Testament. The following morning I walked through the girls’ rooms, and noticed in several neatly-made patchwork quilts and bags of their own workmanship, showing the character of the various individuals.

The exercises of the school throughout were exceedingly interesting, and the order and regularity which prevailed were wonderful. Occasionally there is trouble, as in all schools,—for instance, when a girl arrives who has never before experienced the sensation of homesickness; but this soon passes over, and harmony is restored. The contrast between these and heathen girls should fill us with unspeakable joy; and my mind always reverts with pleasure to the short though interesting time spent at the Inanda Female Seminary.

## Harvest Work.

BY MRS. EMILY C. PEARSON.

CHRIST to-day is giving thee  
Harvest work beyond the sea :  
"White already" is the field ;  
"Fruit eternal" it shall yield.

Gladly sow or gather in :  
Thou to Christ shalt "many win,"  
While the gracious Master waits,  
Opening hoary empire gates.

Glorious is His growing sway !  
Mountains levelled pave His way.  
India, battling long with caste,  
Smiles with hope, — her midnight's past.

Afric "stretcheth out" her hand ;  
Turkey pleadeth for her land ;  
Blinded China's teeming shore  
God hath planted near our door.

Gospel heralds star the night :  
Christ is rising in his might ;  
He shall overturn, and be  
King of kings from sea to sea.

All the fields of earth are white :  
Hosts are crying, "Give us light !"  
Spread the truth, and ceaseless pray  
Christ will haste his promised day.

Send forth laborers, Holy One !  
In all lands "Thy will be done :"  
With thy glory let earth be  
Filled, as waters fill the sea !

# Our Work at Home.

---

## SALEM MEETING.

NEVER did autumn skies smile more serenely than on Thursday morning, Oct. 5, 1871. Not less radiant were the faces of the eager multitude of ladies who filled every available space in the Tabernacle Church, Salem, on that morning, waiting for the opening of the fourth public meeting of the Woman's Board of Missions, held in connection with the Annual Meeting of the A. B. C. F. M.

After the opening exercises, conducted by the President, Mrs. Albert Bowker, the minutes of the meeting at Brooklyn were read by Mrs. George Gould.

### REPORTS.

Miss Green, of the Western Board, presented their warmest greetings, and gave cheering accounts of the revival of missionary zeal among the Marthas and Marys of the Great West, as evidenced by the formation during the year of sixty new Auxiliaries and numerous Mission Circles. They have already sent fifteen ladies to the foreign fields.

Mrs. Hough, President of the Jackson Auxiliary, Mich., said that the basis of their constitution was written by Paul himself, "Upon the first day of the week, let every one of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him;" and many of the Western Auxiliaries have proved this method of "taking up a collection" to be the best. We were told that the grace of giving is essential to Christian growth, and that, if each female

member of Christian churches in the United States would give two cents a week for missionary work, the aggregate would equal \$200,000 a year. Why shall it not be done?

The report of the Boston Home Department showed a large increase of Auxiliaries and Mission Circles. The receipts of the Treasury since Jan. 1 amounted to \$26,265.66.

Mrs. Burdett Hart, of the Philadelphia Branch, reported ten Auxiliaries, a remarkable growth, considering that Congregationalism is an exotic in that latitude. She brought to the meeting the contributions of a little girl, — seventy-five cents, — which the child had earned by working in her father's garden, and a treasured gold quarter of a dollar. She also offered for sale, for the benefit of the treasury, crosses made of Mary Lyon's, and Fidelity Fisk's hair, — precious mementos of those who lovingly bore the cross in their Master's service, and who now are wearing the crown in his kingdom.

Three verses of the hymn entitled "Harvest Work," written for the occasion by Mrs. Pearson, and sung grandly by that great choir of more than one thousand voices, impressed upon each the sentiment of the opening stanza, —

"Christ, to-day, is giving thee  
Harvest work beyond the sea."

#### A VOICE FROM CHINA.

From "blinded China" came a note from Mrs. Chapin, telling of new faith and hope and zeal gained by meeting with the ladies in America, and closing with these words: "Keep the cry constantly before the dear sisters: souls are going down to death! Hasten, or it will be too late for thousands!"

Mrs. Homer Bartlett, the Treasurer, rose to say, that every year she had reported, at this meeting, a donation from some dying Christian sister; but this year the accounts were closed,

and the fact recorded that none such had been received, when a letter was handed her, stating that Mrs. B—— had asked, in her last hours, that one hundred dollars should be sent as her gift to the Woman's Board.

#### MRS. EDWARDS' SCHOOL AMONG THE ZULUS.

Mrs. Lemuel Caswell then read a letter from Mrs. Tyler, of the Zulu Mission, descriptive of Mrs. Edwards' Home and School. This letter showed how, literally, the desert had been made to blossom as the rose, and how much fruit had already been gathered in a soil considered so barren. It was also stated that recent intelligence had come that about half the pupils in the school had become Christians.

#### PIONEER WORK.

Mrs. Aldin Grout, who had spent more than thirty years as missionary in South Africa, gave an interesting account of the women and girls as she found them. When she first went among them, they were bought and sold like cattle, and indeed in exchange for cattle. Every wife had a hut, the floor of which was a hardened ant-hill; the furniture, a few rude dishes; the bed, a mat with a wooden pillow to rest the neck upon. The entrance to these huts was so small and low, that all who entered did so upon their hands and feet. From these haunts of degradation and wretchedness, Mrs. Grout and her associates, in true motherly fashion, took to their own homes such girls as they could persuade to live with them; taught them from day to day, trained them up in the Christian religion, and to-day the seed they sowed in tears is yielding a glorious harvest.

Those girls are wives and mothers now, and they begged for a High School, that their daughters might be educated. In response to this plea, Mrs. Edwards went out and opened a seminary with twelve pupils. From time to time, others have been



added as they were qualified. The applications for admission could be counted by hundreds. These pupils have not only been taught something of that wonderful lesson in addition, "add to your faith virtue, and to virtue knowledge," but to that knowledge they have learned to add patience, — patience under discipline. Yet so wisely has this been enforced, they have yielded to it in most cases willingly, and can trace their own progress by reason of it.

So bright does the future dawn for woman in Africa, whose lot has been to work all day in the fields, returning at night with a bundle of wood on her head, and the baby on her back, to cook the evening meal for the husband, who counts her "dear" only as the price of so many cows!

#### THE WOMEN OF NORTHERN CHINA.

Mrs. John J. Gulick, of North China, was then introduced to the ladies. She and her husband are stationed at Kalgan, where Mr. and Mrs. Williams are also laboring. In all their touring, they have been received with universal kindness. She mentioned one old woman, over seventy years of age, whom they met twelve days' journey beyond their own station. When she saw them in the street, she exclaimed, "Do come in, — do! I am so glad you have come again," supposing them to be Mr. Blodgett and family, who had once visited the place. This old grandmother secured them a large audience of women, to whom Mrs. Gulick told the story of the Cross. As she spoke of Jesus and his love, this aged, tottering one would say to those about her, "I am old, I am deaf. Do you listen, and tell me again all about this Saviour." As the missionaries left the village, many followed them, anxiously inquiring, "When will you come again?"

In about a year it was Mrs. Gulick's privilege to go again, when she received as cordial a welcome as before. The same



old woman met her, and begged to be taught more about Jesus. During this tour, Mrs. Gulick told the story of Christ's love to multitudes of women, who, but for her, would never have heard of the way of life; for no man, except the husband, can even enter the yard of a dwelling-house. All the people in that region are very accessible; yet in a district as large as all the State of New York, and four times as populous, there are only two families of missionaries. Mrs. Gulick begged us to pray that our sons and our daughters may be ready to go in and occupy the field.

She was accompanied by a little Chinese girl in native costume, whom she had rescued from a violent death at the hands of her father, though a few days only would have completed the work from starvation alone. When adopted, the little thing, though four years old, weighed only ten pounds. Standing beside her kind preserver, the child sang in Chinese, amid breathless silence, the hymn so dear to our Sunday-school children, "There is a happy land." Mrs. Gulick added, "This little girl and I plead for her country that you will send more laborers to tell them of Jesus."

#### READY RESPONSE.

How many hearts asked, "Lord, what wilt thou have *me* to do?" we cannot tell; but that stirring appeal for aid, or the thrilling, pathetic chant, "The Missionary's Call," as sung by Mrs. Caswell, accompanied by a quartette of ladies, prompted at least one soul to respond, "Here am I, send *me*."

#### HONORABLE WOMEN.

However the enemies of the first missionary might assert that "his bodily presence was weak and his speech contemptible," in no sense could it be said of that noble company of missionary ladies upon whom we were that morning permitted to look,

and to whose words of lofty faith, of unassuming devotion, or inspiring zeal, we were privileged to listen. Mrs. Luther H. Gulick of Micronesia, Mrs. Barnum of Harpoot, Mrs. Woodin and Mrs. Peet of China, Mrs. Tyler of Africa, Mrs. Schaufler of Constantinople, and Mrs. Dole of the Sandwich Islands, were with us on that occasion.

#### ISLANDS OF THE SEA.

Mrs. Gulick, of Micronesia, then addressed the meeting. She went with her husband to those islands of the Pacific, peopled by a race whose language had no alphabet, where convicts had revelled, where American and English vessels had introduced rum, tobacco, and vices worse than all the original heathenism of the natives. They were told to take weapons for defence. They did go armed, but with the Bible only. Without a teacher, without an interpreter, with neither grammar nor dictionary, they picked up the language word by word, keeping always pencil and paper by them, and comparing notes at night. In this way they gradually learned to communicate with the people, and were able to tell them how they, "who sometime were far off from God and heaven might be made nigh by the blood of Christ." Mrs. Gulick remarked, that, in the early part of her missionary life, one main object of her teaching was to cultivate a love of dress, a kind of teaching, as she quietly said, for which there was no need in this country. When they went to Micronesia, the chiefs wore a handkerchief with a slit in the middle to put their heads through. The common people wore less. After being on the islands some years, she was obliged to leave for a few months for her health. During her absence, her husband persuaded some of the native women who had been under her instruction to make themselves dresses. They were willing, if he would help them. So, following in the footsteps of the first missionary, willing to "become all things to all men," Dr.

Gulick turned dressmaker, brought out his wife's patterns, and cut and basted blue, red, green, and yellow calico dresses, — for they take great delight in gay colors. When his wife returned to him, these native women hastened to the shore to meet her, carefully arrayed in their new attire. Nine years were spent in these islands. They, with their associates, reduced to writing four different languages. To-day there are more than one thousand readers among the natives, upwards of one hundred schools, and pupils counted by thousands. Dr. Gulick and wife were expecting to leave in a few days for Japan. Their four children who would remain in this country, she most tenderly commended to the prayers of Christian mothers, asking them to remember before the mercy-seat missionary children in this country, since they have had special temptations, and now have special trials. In closing, she said with irresistible pathos, "God strengthen you to give your sons and your daughters to do his work in the foreign field. Live not alone for this world. Live for Christ. Live for others, and may we meet in the better land!"

The report of the Constantinople Home, by Mrs. Dr. Clark, who accompanied her husband on his recent tour among the mission stations of Turkey, will be found on another page.

Almost the entire audience remained to take part in the closing services; and the doxology, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow," gave utterance to the emotions of many a soul.

Mrs. GEORGE GOULD,  
*Recording Secretary pro. tem.*

---

FOR Treasurer's Report, see "Missionary Herald," for September, October, and November.



## WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS FOR THE INTERIOR.

---

### OFFICERS.

---

#### **President.**

MRS. S. C. BARTLETT, Glencoe, Ill.

#### **Corresponding Secretaries.**

MRS. E. W. BLATCHFORD, 375 North La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill.

MRS. W. A. BARTLETT, 4 Park Row, Chicago, Ill.

#### **Recording Secretary.**

MISS MARY E. GREENE, Evanston, Ill.

#### **Treasurer.**

MRS. FRANCIS BRADLEY, Evanston, Ill.

---

### CHINA.

#### EXTRACTS FROM MISS PORTER'S JOURNAL.

##### SOWING SEED AMONG THE WOMEN OF CHINA.

“ A READING man from a village six miles outside of the city, who has recently expressed some interest in the truth, came to us a week ago, bringing with him a very bright, intelligent woman about sixty years of age, a neighbor, who was curious to learn something of the foreigners and their doctrines. I talked with her ; and she gave me so cordial an invitation to visit her, that

last Wednesday I went to her home. A woman employed in one of the mission families and our native helper accompanied me.

“We started at half-past eight, but, mistaking the road, went several miles out of our way, so that it was almost noon when we reached the collection of mud houses which formed the village. As the people had received intimations of our approach, a crowd had collected before we entered the town. The first sounds I heard were angry, excited voices; and, inquiring the cause, we learned that the mother of the man who had visited us was alarmed at our coming, and was quarrelling with her son. This was not cheering; but, before we had gone many steps, Mrs. Tsai, the woman who had invited me, came forward very kindly, and led the way through the hamlet to her own house. I went through the outer room to an inner one, in which was a kang, a table, and a few benches, and took my seat near a window opening from the kang.

“I hadn’t brushed the dust from my face before the room was full of eager, anxious women; while a more noisy crowd gathered in the yard. I had planned to rest a while, but *those faces!* They had never even heard the name of Jesus; and such great pity and sorrow for them, such a sense of the wondrous messages, the ‘good tidings of great joy,’ which I had for them, came to me, that I could not but speak.

“The words came weakly at first, interrupted by numerous questions and remarks upon my appearance and dress; but soon I heard on all sides, in a sort of wondering way, one and another saying, ‘Why, listen! She speaks Mandarin: we can understand her!’ and then they drew nearer, and scarcely an irrelevant word was said, until weariness compelled me to stop. I told the little company that I must have food and rest, and then we would talk more about the wonderful Friend who had sent me to tell them that he loved and could save them. While eating, I had time to count my audience. Every available place in the room was



filled, and more than thirty women, with half as many children, had crowded into the little place, not more than ten feet square. I could not judge of the number outside who heard through the window ; but there were a good many there also.

“ After lunch, my woman talked a few moments, and then I read and spoke until the helper came to remind me that it was time to go home. The women did not listen so quietly as in the morning ; but a few seemed really interested, and to remember something of what I said.

“ Yesterday, to my great joy, Mrs. Tsai was here again, urging me to make them another visit, and saying that the woman who was so angry at my first coming would like to see me, too, and would be glad to have me go to her house.

“ This is but the beginning of my village work. Of the sense of ignorance and insufficiency with which I go, and the insurmountable barriers that seem between us and this people, I cannot tell. But I know that ‘ the Son of man has power on earth to forgive sins ; ’ and this message of forgiveness, life, I take for myself as I tell it to others, and so grow calm and strong. Only seed-sowing ! but the word is his, and shall ‘ prosper in that whereunto he has sent it. ’ ”

Early in the summer, Miss Porter accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Williams, of Kalgan, in a tour among the villages of North China, and spent two weeks in Yü Cho, with special reference to intercourse with the women of that region. Her account of an interview with one group of listeners upon the road illustrates some of the difficulties to be met in that work. She writes, —

“ After the customary salutations, we began to tell them something of the one true God. They listened a moment, then said, ‘ Tung per ti, ’ — ‘ Can’t understand. ’ But we are accustomed to that, and, although often discouraged, try again, speaking more slowly, repeating the simplest statement two or three times. Almost always we are rewarded by hearing some one brighter or

less timid than the rest exclaim, 'Oh, we *do* understand.' It was so in this case. As usual, a man came up and interpreted for us; and, after a few sentences explained in that way, the women themselves found that we did speak their language, though the dialect is different from their local *pátois*. This is one of many things constantly occurring, which show how much higher is the grade of intelligence among the men than among the women. We often hear men say, when we are speaking to the women, 'Oh, you are stupid! We know every thing they say;' and they prove it by repeating sentence after sentence after us. To such a charge, one woman replied, 'Of course you can understand: you can go out and hear, but we must always stay at home.'"

#### LETTER FROM MISS THOMPSON.

In July a letter was received from Miss Mary A. Thompson, who went to China in 1869, expecting to be associated with Miss Porter in her school at Pekin.

She suffered so much from sickness during the first months of her residence in that country, that friends feared she would be obliged to abandon the idea of laboring there, and return to her native land. But she had given herself to this service, and begged to be allowed to remain for a year at least, hoping soon to regain strength and vigor, and be able to devote herself to study and work. We rejoice, therefore, with her, in the cheering intelligence which this letter brings of renewed health.

Alluding to Miss Porter's absence on the tour already referred to, she says, —

"By Miss Porter's leaving, the duties connected with the school have become mine, and I am so glad to be at work, and to be able to work. I love to meet the girls in their recitations, and in their hours of study and of prayer. The prayers of these older Christian girls for me, in this beginning of my active missionary life, strengthen and help me more than I can tell.



“Perhaps I may never know, till the Lord of the vineyard brings his workers together at the last great gathering-home, why these eighteen months in China have been so ordered ; but we know that they have been sent in love, and it is enough.”

Miss Thompson continued to have charge of the school until the time of the summer vacation, when she went to Tientsin to spend the season of rest, expecting to return and resume school duties early in the fall.

#### LETTER FROM MISS CHAPIN.

Letters have been received from Miss Jennie E. Chapin, who sailed from San Francisco, May 1, accompanying Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Chapin, on their return to their work at Tung Cho. Their voyage was a favorable one ; and the calls of the steamer at the various ports in Japan gave them an opportunity to visit the missionaries of our own and the Presbyterian Board, stationed there.

They arrived at Shanghai early in June, and spent several days very pleasantly in that city, in the family of Rev. Mr. Farnham, of the Presbyterian Board.

Of their welcome at Tung Cho, and her own first impressions, she says, —

“Mr. and Mrs. Chapin had been absent about a year ; and I hardly know which manifested the most joy at their return, they or their friends here. I, too, shared in the kind and cordial welcome they received, and already feel more contented and at home in this place than I had hoped to in a long time. I have commenced studying the language, and feel encouraged to believe that I am going to be able to acquire it with less difficulty than I had feared.

“There is a boys’ school on the mission premises ; and seven or eight Chinese men and women are also employed, either as teachers for the missionaries and the boys, or in work for them. So every evening at family prayers, between fifteen and twenty

natives are present. The exercises are all in Chinese; and, though I do not understand a word, I really enjoy them, the Chinese enter into them with so much interest. Soon I hope to learn some hymns, so that I can go out with Miss Andrews, as she goes every afternoon to the homes of the women, and help in the singing.

“The mission grounds are right in the heart of the city; but as they are considerably extensive, and surrounded by a high wall, we seem very quiet and retired. I hope that the Lord will give me such love for my work, and such success in it, that I can go forward with it joyfully.”

---

## TURKEY.

### EXTRACT FROM MRS. COFFING'S LETTER.

#### INCIDENTS OF MISSIONARY TRAVEL.

“LET me give you an account of our quarters the first night out from Antioch. The place had been recommended to us by Mr. Powers, and we reached it about sundown. There was so much wet manure and filth about the door, that it was difficult to find a place to alight from our horses; but, once off, we entered the door, leading our horses in after us. We received such a welcome from the landlord as made us feel at home immediately; and, as only two or three other travellers had yet arrived, we had our choice of quarters. The building was about forty feet in length, and of half that width. The door was near the middle of one side: opposite to it a wall of stones had been built, looking as if a partition had been designed, but never finished. It was about three feet high, and was used that night by the landlord as a bedstead. As he had already made his bed, he said he must lie there to watch the horses, lest some one should come in and steal them; but liquor and heavy

sleep soon made the old man a very unsafe watchman. The servant was commanded to tie our horses in the warmest and best corner of the long room.

“Company after company came in as the evening progressed, till there were at one end of the room fourteen animals, — horses, mules, and donkeys; and gathered near a large fire, built on the floor in the middle of the room, were thirteen human beings. It was a very cold night; and wood was piled on the fire without any regard to the smoke, till it was impossible to stand or sit without profuse tears. There was no outlet for the smoke except the one door, and that was kept closely shut lest ‘the horses should take cold.’

“My small iron bedstead was put up in one corner; and, with a folded comfortable for a mattress, and an army blanket for covering, I considered myself well provided for. Mr. Montgomery and our servant spread their beds near by for protection, after which we prepared our supper from provisions brought with us.

“Having eaten it with thankful hearts, after united prayer, we lay down and tried to sleep; but for once the contrast between these quarters and the comfortable home in Ohio, the hotels in New York, London, and Paris, was too much for me; and I lay musing, wondering what dear friends would say, if they could look upon that ragged, dirty company, — some of them rolled up in their clothes, lying on the bare mud floor, others on bags of straw and potatoes.

“These people, too, are very fond of story-telling; and as one of the company was a soldier who had served his time out, and was on his way home, he had much to entertain them with. When he had finished, and all were nearly asleep, another traveller came in. He was a lad apparently about eighteen years of age, who had been in Adana working for some time. With a considerable sum of money and a new suit of clothes, he had reached Antioch, on his way to his home, about twenty miles be-

yond ; but the poor fellow, in his joy at being so near the end of his journey, with so large a present for his parents, forgot his prudence, and made a confidant of a man who overtook him on the road to Antioch. This man waited his chance, and in an unexpected moment was off with the poor lad's bundle, containing the new clothes, money, and all his possessions. It was a sad story, and our hearts ached for the boy ; but there was nothing we could do for him. He was on his way back to Adana, for he would not go home empty-handed.

“ Very many such stories of woe are told us. The land is full of oppression, injustice, and cruelty, and the government is the greatest offender. This lad's tale of distress told and commented on, our company once more became quiet ; but for me there was yet no sleep. Looking over the company as they lay there, my heart became heavy with the thought, that, in all probability, ten out of that thirteen would be eternally lost. Who is guilty ? Surely they are. ‘ Because that which may be known of God is manifest in them, so that they are without excuse.’ But are we free from guilt ? ‘ How, then, shall they call on Him in whom they have not believed ? and how shall they believe in Him of whom they have not heard ? and how shall they hear without a preacher ? and how shall they preach except they be sent ? ’ ”

---

## INDIA.

### ZENANA WORK.

“ If haply they might feel after Him, and find Him, though He be not far from every one of us.”

Extract from a private letter from a lady engaged in the Zenana work, in Central Hindostan.

“ One of the little girls that we had in our school died a few weeks since of cholera. Her mother sent for me to come to see her; but, when I reached the house, the body had been carried away, to be drowned in the Ganges. The poor mother was on a mat on the floor, crying most bitterly. It seemed, from what she said to us afterward, that her object in sending for us was to try and have us intercede that the child might be buried in our way; but her husband would not consent. I think he feared that his friends would consider him too much under our influence, and had hurried the body away before we should arrive, for that reason. The poor mother had heard of the resurrection, but she seemed to think that it could only be when the bodies had been buried in the ground. I saw that was her idea, and found the verse for her which says, ‘The sea shall give up its dead.’ You should have seen the glad look of surprise on the dear creature’s face when she heard these blessed words. She soon recovered her calmness, and began talking freely to us. She said, ‘Ma’am, I knew I could not keep her, for two nights since I had become very tired with watching, and fell asleep by her side: then it seemed to me that some one sat on the other side of the bed, — he was not quite like a man, only I cannot describe him. I thought he was going to take Pottoo away; and I said, “Oh, do go away! I want my child!”’ ‘But,’ she added, ‘I thought Pottoo put out her little hands, and said, while she looked back on me and smiled, “But I *want* to go with him!”’ I think that he took her in his arms, and then I woke.’

“ We were much struck with this account of her dream: it seemed that the mother thought Jesus had come for her darling. She told us that the little one seemed quite conscious toward the last; and, though she was suffering sorely, yet she did not complain, and her last look was a smile. We left her quite comforted, and she had even remarked that Pottoo had gone to the happy land of which she had learned to sing so sweetly.



# Home Department.

---

## REVIEW OF THE YEAR.

A NEW and unlooked-for trial has come upon the W. B. M. I. at the close of this third year of its history.

The season of our Annual Meeting was drawing near, the time for glad re-union and mutual conference in regard to our common work, when, in a moment as it were, our cherished plans are frustrated, and reluctantly we have sent forth the message of postponement.

The year has been one of growing influence and prosperity, calling for gratitude and increased confidence in Him who orders our ways.

The separation from our Presbyterian sisters, from the very thought of which we shrank a year ago, has not diminished the amount of our receipts, perhaps has served as a stimulus to some who were before doing little or nothing for the cause ; while their organization, under their own denominational banner, has added another to the sisterhood of agencies employed in elevating and enlightening our sex in heathen lands.

Four new missionaries have gone abroad during the year now closed ; while the more thorough knowledge of the language, and increased experience acquired by the twelve who have been longer in the field, have greatly multiplied their power.

Sixty new auxiliaries have added to our strength and to our hold upon the churches at home ; and the increased circulation of this little messenger has, we trust, done its part in multiplying the number of those who intelligently and with love aid in the work.



By the fiery trial through which the churches of Chicago are passing, the appeal to our friends and auxiliaries, not immediately affected by this visitation, to do their utmost for this cause, is made doubly urgent.

It is gratifying to learn from our Treasurer, that, during this month, there has been no falling off in the receipts of our Board. Shall we not consider it an indication of the determined purpose of our co-laborers that the work abroad shall not suffer, even though the demands for self-sacrifice and generous giving to relieve the needy at home be more than ordinarily imperative? The total receipts for the year are \$9,351.62.

If the spirit of the two following letters prevails to any great extent among our friends, we have no occasion for fear, even of temporary embarrassment. These come to us from Iowa, — one from a member of our Executive Committee, who has in many ways proved herself a faithful friend and helper. Alluding to her contemplated removal to another State, she says, “I find one of the strongest ties to my present home is connected with this missionary work in which my heart and sympathies have become so much enlisted. Here were my affections first called forth to the Woman’s Board; here have been my first labors for its growing strength and prosperity; here have I wept and prayed, rejoiced and praised with returned missionary women, with a tenderness and depth of earnestness never known before. I feel, that, in leaving the State, I am loosening roots which it will take time to fix again as firmly in a new soil: yet my eyes and heart will be open; and, in any way that I can, it will always be a joy to labor for our beloved Board.”

The wife of a pastor of one of the home missionary churches in that State, after reporting the receipts of the little auxiliary there, adds, —

“The best thing we have to report is, that six copies of ‘Life and Light’ have been taken here the past year. If I can secure a renewal of these subscriptions, with perhaps one or two addi-

tional names, I shall go away with a light heart. I *know* that missionary intelligence, presented in an attractive form, is the greatest aid in awakening missionary zeal.

“ I go now to ‘ the regions beyond,’ — the frontier of this State, a county as yet unorganized, without church, schoolhouse, store, or post-office. There my husband is hard at work now, building, with his own hands, a house for his little family ; and we expect to remove early in the spring. Myself and two little daughters, with a faithful girl living in my family, who goes with us, will form the nucleus of a Woman’s Missionary Society. How long it may be before we receive any additions, I cannot tell. Pray that we may be the means of awakening an interest in the precious cause very early. I shall take a few of your cards with me, and, as soon as I find *one* Christian woman, ask her to join me in the ‘ two cents a week.’ I have the greatest faith in the wisdom of this plan, and have always regarded the organization of the Woman’s Board of Missions, as the true ‘ woman’s movement.’ ”

---

#### DEPARTURE OF MISSIONARIES.

Miss Mary M. Patrick, of Lyons, Iowa, sailed from New York for Erzroom, Aug. 9.

Mrs. Anna V. Mumford, of Oberlin, Ohio, sailed from Boston Oct. 7, to join the mission at Eski Zagra.

Both of these ladies have been adopted as missionaries of the W. B. M. I.

---

#### NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

Number of Western subscribers for “ Life and Light ” since our September issue, 57.



DEC.

PUBLISHED BY THE WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS.

1871.

## BHAZU'S ESCAPE.

BY REV. HENRY J. BRUCE.

THE following story of the rescue of a little girl from one of the worst of idolatrous sacrifices, sent us from Bahuri, cannot fail to interest our young readers : —

There is a very bright girl in our station school at Bahuri, whose name is Bhāzû. When she was very young, her parents gave her to the god Rhaudcha, to be married to him, and afterward to lead a life of wickedness. They thought the time had come for the ceremony to be performed ; and, a few months ago, they were going to try to make her the wife of an idol of stone. Bhāzû declared that she would not submit to such a pagan rite, ran away from her parents, went to the Christians, and begged them to protect her. She then expressed her purpose to give up all her heathen customs, and become a Christian. She was received into the school, and, although her friends tried every means to induce her to return to them, she steadfastly refused ;

and she has, we think, given her heart to the Saviour. After a few weeks' trial, she was received into the church, just three years from the day that was first appointed for her baptism.

This was a great grief to her parents : they thought it would have been better if she had died. We went to their house, and invited them to come and see their child baptized : they replied that they had had no child for three months, since Bhāzû left them ; that she was the same as dead to them. They said, too, that she had been given to Rhaudoba ; that she was his, and he would be angry if they went into a Christian assembly. They were very sure that their god would bring some great calamity upon Bhāzû, and were afraid that they, too, would become victims of his wrath. Nothing that we could say made any impression on their minds, and they still think their child is ruined because she has been received into the Christian church. Only a few days since, Bhāzû met her mother in the bazaar, and she turned away, and would not look at her.

What a dreadful thing it is that so many children are brought up by such wicked parents ! We are trying, by means of our schools, to save some of them from their heathenism ; and we feel very happy when, now and then, one like Bhāzû becomes a follower of the meek and lowly Jesus. It is harder for them to acknowledge Christ than it is for you, for their Hindoo parents do all they can to prevent them ; and, if they persist in becoming Christians, they are driven from their homes, and funeral rites performed as if they were dead. I hope you will not forget to pray that these heathen children may be brought out of the thick darkness into the marvellous light of the gospel.

This will be pleasing to the dear Saviour ; for you remember he said, " I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth ! because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes.

" Even so, Father ; for so it seemed good in thy sight."

## THE SILVER NECKLACE.

BY MRS. WHEELER, OF TURKEY.

IN a box of articles I have sent to America, is an old silver necklace, which was brought to me by a young girl in the Harpoot city school. She had heard me speak of a poor orphan who had come into the school, and needed clothes to make her comfortable. She is one of my society of "Busy-Workers," who earn money to pay the tuition of poor children, and to help in buying books. Her mother is obliged to work for her daily bread, and Prapian — that is the little girl's name — is often left alone with her baby sister all day ; but, when she can, she takes her place in her classes, and tries to learn. As she had no money, she asked her mother, one day, if she might give her necklace to me, — part of it for the orphan, and the remainder for the school. The mother consented ; and I was very much pleased when Prapian brought it to me, because I knew that it was a great offering for the dear child to make, and I was sure she did it from her love to Jesus. It was probably her only ornament ; and girls here are very fond of such trinkets, more so than they often are in America. When I saw her mother, I asked her why Prapian did not learn the Bible history lessons, and try for one of the prizes I had promised. She said she had no Bible. I told her story to a missionary, and he gave her one : so you see the Lord remembers the cheerful giver.

I want to tell you what these prizes are. They are pictures that I cut from newspapers which come wrapped around books and other articles from America. I paint the trees green, and the figures some bright color ; and they are beautiful in the eyes of those who have nothing of the kind, and who live in mud-houses. Would you not love, some time, to send these children some of the nice Bible cards so abundant in America, and let the old necklace remind you that the little Armenians are working and giving for the same great cause as you ?



## THIRSTING FOR KNOWLEDGE.

BY MISS ABBIE B. CHILD.

AN old poet says, "Blessings brighten as they take their flight;" and I don't know that the adage can be more aptly applied than to that great blessing of American children, — their schools. I think it must show its dark side to some of the little grumblers I have seen, who think it a great trial to leave their games for that disagreeable school, with its long, hard lessons; but I think, too, that, if that same blessing should be taken away, it would suddenly become wonderfully attractive. At least, it is so to a little Armenian girl, of whom I wish to tell you.

You have all read in your Bibles of the way Abraham's servant found a wife for his master's son, Isaac; how he sat by a well where the women of the city of Nabor came to draw water, and how God pointed out to him there the beautiful Rebecca. The customs in that country are the same now as in the old, old days; and, if your imagination can take you so far, I would like to have you sit down with me by one of these same wells, and watch the young girls as they come to draw water for their families. You may not think their clothes are very clean, and you may want to laugh at their heads, where each particular hair seems to stand on end. But here comes one who looks rather neater than the others, clad in the not ungraceful costume of the country, — the full trousers fastened at the ankle, and falling down over the sandalled feet, and the loose tunic girdled at the waist. Her long braids are smooth and shining, and one hand easily steadies the pitcher upon her shoulder as she hurries along. She does not linger to chat by the well, but, quietly withdrawing from the little company, quickly enters a house near by, which you at once recognize as belonging to a missionary. One short half-hour she dares to give to learning



to read, and then appears again at the door. With glowing eyes and lips apart, she looks this way and that, to be sure she is not watched ; and, hastily thrusting a little book under her tunic, she places her pitcher on her shoulder once more, and goes rapidly towards her home.

This is the only way this young Armenian girl can go to school. Her father would be much surprised and displeased to know that she was learning to read. But having heard of the blessed Saviour, she has such a longing to read for herself the story of his life, that every day she receives secret lessons, taking the time that others spend in idle talk and careless loitering by the well.

When she shall have learned to read, you may be sure she will use her knowledge in the service of the Saviour ; and will you not do the same, dear children ? Trying to appreciate your own blessings, will you not do what you can to send them to those who have them not ? So you may join heartily in the hope expressed by a little Armenian Margaret in a letter written to some young friends in this country, "I hope that in another world, one another we shall know, and going there shall praise God's holy name, clapping our hands, and saying, Holy, holy, holy is the Lord !"

---

## MISSION CIRCLES.

### THE MAVERICK RILL.

THE little workers of this "Rill" earn their pennies, and last week sent seventeen hundred of them to the W. B. M., as their first offering. They are connected with the Maverick Maternal Society of East Boston, and hold quarterly a brief missionary meeting, after their recitations at the Mothers' Association. On the occasion the Secretary reads her minutes, the Treasurer his

report, and the six collectors return the money from the children's pledges. Missionary intelligence is communicated adapted to the young. Cards for signatures are circulated among the members.

### *Pledge for the Maverick Rill.*

*I desire to help in sending the Gospel  
to Heathen Children, that they may  
learn about Christ, who died to save  
them. I promise to give        cents quarterly  
for the cause.*

The sparkling ripple of this little "Rill" has made sweet music in our ears ; and from like sources we look for the

" Stream whose gentle flow  
Makes glad the city of our God."

#### MT. VERNON CIRCLE.

Among the best of our juvenile societies is the Mount Vernon Mission Circle, in Boston. Since October, 1870, its members have held monthly meetings, to which they have brought their weekly contributions, neatly recorded on cards given them for the purpose, and where a kind lady has interested them in heathen children. Early in the spring they had a sale. Mottoes in Eastern languages on the walls, quaint Indian curiosities on the tables, and Tamil songs, sung by several young girls during the day and evening, seemed to transport the visitors to other climes, and to render the cause for which they had labored a reality. A successful repetition of the sale at the sea-

shore, in the summer, made the aggregate result of their year's effort the sum of four hundred and thirty dollars sent to our treasury.

---

### ARTHUR'S LETTER.

WE received yesterday a letter from one of our little workers, from which we make the following extract : —

“ When I went up to our new home, I found in the hen-house a present of some chickens, and was so pleased, that I could not talk for half an hour, which mother said was almost a miracle for such a chatterbox. I named them Spotty, Blackey, Sharp-Eyes, Coat-of-Mail (the missionary hen), and the May-Queen, or poor children's hen. So all the eggs Coat-of-Mail gives me will be sold, and the money sent to you for the heathen children; and all May-Queen's eggs will be sold for the benefit of poor children in this country.

“ I send you twenty-five pennies in anticipation of the first dozen eggs. I shall get them; for Jesus knows all about it, you see. I love you because you are looking out for the heathen children.”

---

### Laura's Dollar.

BY MRS. EDWIN WRIGHT.

BENEATH the shadow of old Monadnock  
Nestled a farm-house cosey;  
Beneath a tender mother's wing,  
Two little faces rosy.  
Two little lives were sunned in her love,  
Two little wills made careful  
To walk in the ways of righteousness;  
Two little spirits prayerful.  
Laura and Jennie in cool, green shades,  
Or by brooks, together gambolled:  
Together did errands of service or love,  
Or in the old orchard rambled.

Their dollies and pets they willingly shared ;  
 But each her penny-box treasured.  
 When tiny earnings, and gifts of love,  
 By coppers and nickel were measured,  
 How oft they were studied and evenly piled !  
 How frequently were they re-counted !  
 With what zealous care, lest thieves should break in,  
 Under guard of lock and key mounted !  
 How much they would buy, what pleasure they'd bring,  
 Has taken hours of grave planning :  
 To thought of the good, if lent to the Lord,  
 Mamma has added wise fanning.  
 And now according to value they're spread,  
 And papa through wallet is ranging,  
 If perchance a new dollar-bill can be found,  
 To be received on exchanging.  
 Ah, yes ! one as fresh as if just newly stamped,  
 And deft little fingers are folding,  
 Then opening, and creasing anew and again,  
 Nor ever are weary of holding.

. . . . .  
 But now wee Jennie views it alone,  
 As dear little sister's treasure,  
 Whom Jesus has called to his home in heaven,  
 To give her his love without measure,  
 As he has borne her a lamb to his fold,  
 And she is safe in his keeping.  
 Mother and Jennie stifle their sobs,  
 And strive to stay their hearts' weeping,  
 And the precious dollar send as her gift, —  
 Through faith may it prove as good heaven ! —  
 To be used as seed for the sowing of truth,  
 And open the way to heaven  
 To dear little souls in the shadow of night,  
 For whom Christ's light is shining,  
 If kindly hands will but scatter the clouds,  
 Or point out their silver lining.  
 And now let us ask God to take the seed sown,  
 And multiply it by his blessing,  
 That many dear children soon by his grace  
 May his name in love be addressing.



For use in Library only



For use in Library only

I-7 v.2  
Life and Light for Heathen Women

Princeton Theological Seminary-Speer Library



1 1012 00316 7212